Othe. I tell thee ſhee is, therefore make her grave ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, unleſſe he drown'd her ſelfe in her own defence?

Oth. Why 'tis found ſo.

Clow. It muſt be ſo offended, it cannot be elſe; for here lies the point, if I drowne my ſelfe wittingly it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; ſhee drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay but heare you goodman delver.

Clow. Give me leave, here lyes the water, good, here ſtands the man, good, if the man goe to this water and drowne himſelfe, it is will he nill he; he goes, marke you that: but if the water come to him and drowne him, he drownes not himſelfe; argall hee that is not guilty of his owne death ſhortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, Crowners queſt law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth ant't, if this had not been a Gentlewoman ſhe ſhould have bin buried out a Chriſtian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou ſaiſt, and the more pitty that great folke ſhould have countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelves, more than their even Chriſten: Come my ſpade, there is no ancient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up *Adams* profeſſion.

Oth. Was he a Gentleman?

Clow. A was the firſt that ever bore armes.
Ile put another queſtion to thee, if thou anſwereſt mee not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. What is hee that builds ſtronger than either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Oth. The gallowes-maker, for that out-lives a thouſand tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes does well, but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill, now thou doeſt ill to ſay the gallowes is built ſtronger than the Church, argall the gallowes may doe well to thee. To't againe, come.

Oth. Who builds ſtronger than a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow.

Clow. I, tell me that and unyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Othe. Maſſe I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your d
not mend his pace with beating, & when you are askt t
next, ſay a grave-maker, the houſes he makes laſt till D
Goe get thee in, and fetch me a ſoope of liquor.
In youth when I did love did love, *Song*.
Me thought it was very ſweet
To contract O the time for a my behove,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſſe
grave-making.

Hor. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſ

Ha. 'Tis een ſo, the hand of little employment hath t

Clow. But age with his ſtealing ſteps *Song*.
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
as if I had never bin ſuch.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could ſing on
knave jowles it to the ground, as if 'twere *Cains* jaw
did the firſt murther: this might be the pate of a Polit
this aſſe now ore-reaches, one that would circumvent
it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good
Lord, how doeſt thou ſweet Lord? This might be m
a one, that praiſed my Lord ſuch a ones horſe when
beg it, might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ha. Why een ſo, and now my Lady worms Chople
about the mazer with a Sextens ſpade; here's fine rev
we had the tricke to ſee't, did theſe bones coſt no mo
ding but to play at loggits with them? mine ake to th

Clow. A pickax and a ſpade a ſpade,
for and a ſhrowding ſheet,